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## CHRONICLE-UNION.

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THE DOUGH IS FLATTENED OUT INTO DISKS

of the proper size, and the boys or girls

of the family put these on trays and

carry them to the nearest oven, where

they are soon baked on the smooth hot

slabs. We cannot stop here to describe

the various and interesting processes of

bread making as they are practiced in

the villages of Lebanon or in the

Bedouin camp. Other things close at

hand crowd upon our attention.

## BEING A SWELL.

How It Is Possible to Manage It on a  
Small Salary.

How do I manage to be a howling  
swell on a salary of \$1,900 a year? re-  
portedly Trotter, of the treasury de-  
partment, to a Washington Star report-  
er. Why, my dear boy, it's the simplest  
thing in the world. I economize on the  
necessaries of life so as to devote my  
income as far as possible to luxuries. I  
can go without a meal with entire philo-  
sophy, but to forego a cigar when I  
want one would make me feel poor and  
occasion me corresponding distress.

I pay \$2.50 a week for a comfortable  
hall bedroom. I am never there ex-  
cept for sleeping and dressing purposes,  
and it serves me as well as if it were a  
palatial apartment. Why should I  
squander money in that way? For my  
meals I go to restaurants. Washington  
has the cheapest eating houses in the  
United States, and I do the thing frugal-  
ly, without starving myself in the  
least. My annual expenditure for food  
and lodging is certainly not more than  
\$375.

That leaves me a clear \$525 for cloth-  
ing, incidentals and amusements. In  
the last category the most expensive  
item is a horse. That costs me \$30 a  
month. It is well worth the money,  
because a horse is not only a source of  
enjoyment, but an appendage most  
essential to what you call swiftness. I  
go to a cash establishment—such as are  
to be found in every city—where, by  
paying the money down, I can get my  
clothes made to order for little more  
than half the fashionable tailor's price.

By practicing this method I can dress  
like a lord, including all underclothing,  
collars and cuffs, and so forth, on \$300  
a year. Washing is an extra. For my  
noddies I get 1 1/4 yards of some thick,  
handsome silk, white or blue, and in-  
duce one of my young lady acquaint-  
ances to cut the stuff in two length-  
wise, and hem the cut edges, so as to  
make two four-in-hands, which I tie  
myself, of course. If you know where  
to go for them you can buy the hand-  
somest possible patent leather shoes—  
"ties"—for summer use, at \$2.50 a pair.  
White gaiters do not cost much, and  
there are few additions to the dress  
that contribute more to a generally  
swell effect. The spring overcoat I  
have on cost only \$35, and you will not  
find a more stylish one in Washington.

Subtract \$235 for clothing and really  
necessary incidentals from \$875, and you  
find that I have \$300—half of my  
entire income—to throw away upon  
nothing in particular, that is of impor-  
tance. In summer I have one month's  
vacation, which I always spend with  
friends in one place or another, so that  
the outing costs me very little.

Here it is taken for granted that  
youthful beaux are poor, and that ver-  
y little is expected of them. Men are so  
sensible that they only have to be polite  
and presentable in order to find them-  
selves acceptable in fashionable draw-  
ing rooms.

If a man would be well dressed, how-  
ever, it is all important that he should  
take care of his clothes. Let him take  
off his best things when he gets home,  
hang up his coat and fold up his trousers  
on a shelf, with the cravats together.  
It costs very little to dress well—much  
less, in fact, than many persons spend  
in dressing badly. The thing is well  
worth studying. In another way also  
it pays to be well dressed. A man who  
is so is better received everywhere. His  
attire is a letter of recommendation to  
strangers, and even his friends cannot  
help according him more consideration  
on the strength of it.

## SPOONS OF BREAD.

How the Beyrout Staff of Life Serves Two  
Persons.

Here comes the bread-seller. He is  
one of a large class, and the flat, pan-  
cake-like loaves that he has in his bag-  
net show how the Beyrout people make  
bread. The same flat cake, of varying  
size and thickness, is everywhere the  
form of bread in Palestine and Syria.  
When fresh it is very sweet and palat-  
able, but when old, much like shavings,  
says a traveler writing in St. Nicholas.  
At some towns in Mount Lebanon the  
loaves are baked in circular form,  
about two feet across, and almost as  
thin as paper. It is related that once a  
foreigner, on eating his first meal in  
the mountains, took one of these loaves  
and spread it on his lap, thinking it was  
some new style of napkin. Strange as  
this seemed to the Syrian host, we can  
hardly be surprised at the mistake, for  
to our western eyes this thin, pliable  
sheet looks far more like cloth than  
bread.

Now, this kind of bread has one great  
advantage, in that it does away with  
the necessity of using spoons. Those  
sitting at dinner tear off a piece from  
the loaf, fold it as a cup, and then dip a  
portion of food from the general dish in  
the center of the table, devouring thus  
with each mouthful both spoon and con-  
tainer.

The housewives of Beyrout enjoy a  
touch of that convenient cooperation  
that is proposed by certain reformers of  
today; not that they take their meals  
in palatial public dining-rooms; but they  
do have public ovens, thus doing away  
with some of the household's "private  
war."

The dough is flattened out into disks  
of the proper size, and the boys or girls  
of the family put these on trays and  
carry them to the nearest oven, where  
they are soon baked on the smooth hot  
slabs. We cannot stop here to describe  
the various and interesting processes of  
bread making as they are practiced in  
the villages of Lebanon or in the  
Bedouin camp. Other things close at  
hand crowd upon our attention.

## ROYALTY AT TABLE.

A Dinner Given in Vienna to the King  
and Queen of Italy.

There is no table in the whole world  
that is served so daintily or artistically  
as that of the Austrian court, says the  
American Analyst. The dinnets are so  
fine that it looks like satin, and for  
lunch or afternoon tea is replaced by  
heavy, white silk cloths and napkins,  
edged with point de Venise and adorned  
with the imperial crest in raised gold  
embroidery. The viands are prepared  
so prettily that it seems almost a pity  
to break up and eat them, and the  
tempting pieces montees prepared by  
the artist that presides over the im-  
perial kitchen.

Particularly I remember a dinner  
given in honor of the king and queen  
of Italy at the Hofburg, in Vienna, some  
years ago, as the culminating point of  
luxury combined with the most refined  
and exquisite taste. The tablecloth  
was strewn with forced violets, nestling  
so close to one another that they formed  
a perfect bank of fragrant blossoms,  
leaving only room for the plates of  
semi-transparent Savoyes of the Famille  
Rose, each of which was surmounted  
with a thick garland of marguerites.  
Marguerite being the Christian name of  
the queen of Italy, her little namesake  
had been used with great profusion in  
the decoration of the festive board.  
Before the plate of each lady a slender  
tulip-shaped vase of Venetian glass  
mounted in finely-wrought gold con-  
tained a bouquet of marguerites and  
violets, powdered with diamond dust.  
The menus were engraved on thin  
sheets of hammered silver, with the  
Austrian eagle embossed on the corner.  
Everything was served on gold dishes,  
and the dessert plates were a marvel of  
beauty worthy of Benvenuto-Cellini.

When the sorbets were placed before  
the distinguished guests a faint mur-  
mur of admiration was audible. For  
even the blase eyes of people satiated  
with every form of luxury were  
charmed with the little double-headed  
eagles made of delicately-spun sugar,  
perched on a pale pink glass ball con-  
taining a tiny electric light. On the  
back of each diminutive bird was a  
large daisy, also made of spun sugar,  
wherein the sorbets were served, and  
the gold plates on which the whole  
rested were garlanded with Parma  
violets.

The dinner was really what one may  
describe without exaggeration as being  
the apotheosis of gastronomy. The  
dining-hall, scented as with dreamy in-  
cense and lighted with mellow wax  
candles, the soft brilliancy of which  
would have entranced even Lucullus  
had he been throned there on his ivory  
chair, was a sight to be remembered.

## A LIMBLESS STATESMAN

An Irish Notable Who Was a Wonder in  
His Way.

A man without arms or legs, who  
could write an elegant hand, shoot well,  
be a skillful sailor and fisherman, and  
ride horseback so well that he was ac-  
counted one of the best cross-country  
riders in Ireland, was indeed a surpris-  
ing character.

But Mr. Arthur Kavanagh, M. P.,  
was, besides, a man of great intellect  
and moral superiority. He was one of  
the best as well as one of the largest  
landlords in Ireland.

He was an able and highly considered  
member of parliament. He seldom  
spoke, but was an assiduous and valua-  
ble member. The writer of this article  
has seen him carried into the house of  
commons by his servant and set down  
upon one of the liberal benches.

Of how delightful and admirable a  
man he was this will give an idea. A  
gentleman who was for two weeks his  
guest at Borris, told the writer, says the  
New York Herald, that he wanted very  
much to find out how Kavanagh was  
led, but that his conversation was so ex-  
tremely interesting that at each meal  
he would forget all about his intention  
of satisfying his curiosity on that point.

The fact is, however, Kavanagh ate  
with a fork attached to the stump of  
his arm. He wrote holding his pen in  
his teeth, and he wrote very neatly and  
shely. In riding he held the bridle in  
his mouth, his body being strapped to  
his saddle. In shooting we presume he  
held the gun with the stump of his arm  
against his body, but how he succeeded  
in pulling the trigger we do not know.

The Kavanaghs are one of the most  
ancient families in the British islands.  
They were the early kings of Leinster.  
The famous Strongbow married an Eva  
Kavanagh. The Kavanaghs have also  
been Austrian nobles. The charter  
born of the Leinster kings—a large,  
bruted cornucopia of ivory, mounted on  
lutes and resting on a brass eagle—is  
among the heirlooms at Borris.

## A Good Shot.

Gen. Fournier was an apostle of the  
unique in dueling. The mayor of Per-  
gueux was his bitter enemy, but as they  
moved in widely different social circles  
the general found some difficulty in  
picking a quarrel. His opportunity  
came one day as he was showing off be-  
fore some ladies his expertness with the  
pistol. The mayor passed, with a rose  
in his mouth. It was a considerable  
distance from the general's balcony to  
the mayor on the other side of the  
street, but the old fighter knew his  
skill. "Just notice, ladies," he said,  
"how I pick the mayor's rose." He  
raised his pistol. The women shrieked  
that he should desist, but too late. The  
hammer fell, and the rose and the  
mayor dropped—the latter, however,  
only from fright. The general's expert-  
ness defeated his purpose. The serious-  
ness of his aim terrified the mayor out  
of sending the desired challenge.

## SURROUNDED BY WOLVES.

Ohio Not Yet Relieved from the Unpleas-  
ant Presence of Wild Beasts.

Ninety-nine persons in a hundred,  
says a Toledo correspondent of the  
New York Times, would declare from  
their general knowledge of the state that  
there are not wolves enough in Ohio to  
seriously threaten anybody. Had they  
been with Mr. E. L. Valois, of Toledo,  
a few weeks ago in one of his hunting  
trips to what is known as the Oak  
Openings, a barren tract not far from  
Sylvania and about twelve miles from  
Toledo, they would have had abundant  
reason to change their minds.

Mr. Valois is one of the best-known  
insurance men in Toledo, and is widely  
known as an enthusiastic and successful  
sportsman. Nobody in northwestern  
Ohio is more familiar with the haunts  
of grouse, squirrels and other small  
game than he, and few marksmen in  
that region excel him in skill. One  
morning several weeks ago he took his  
best dog and started in a light one-  
horse spring wagon for the Oak Open-  
ings. The region is peculiar. It is a  
large, barren tract, partly prairie and  
partly covered with stunted green  
growth. Nobody lives there, and for years it has  
been a hunter's paradise. Ruffed  
grouse, prairie chicken, with an oc-  
casional deer, have been found in large  
numbers, and only in the last two years  
or so have there been any signs of de-  
crease. For miles there is not a dwell-  
ing, and it is often difficult for a man to  
find his way. Indeed, it has not been  
many years since a well-known real-  
estate man of Toledo was lost for sev-  
eral days in this tangle of stunted forest and  
barren open.

The day Mr. Valois had chosen proved  
a cloudy one, with frequent flurries of  
snow, but it was an unusually good day  
for shooting, and before night Mr.  
Valois had the bottom of his wagon  
filled with game. The clouds broke  
toward evening and the moon rose full  
and bright. It was nearly seven  
o'clock before he started for home.  
The roads are winding trails through  
the woods and around ponds and  
swamps, and slow progress was made.  
It was an hour or more before he began  
to get out of the woods, for he had  
pushed further than usual into the  
wildest parts of the tract.

As he proceeded he heard strange  
sounds in the woods about him, howl-  
ings and barkings, but gave them little  
thought. He knew there were some  
wolves of the common gray species in  
the opening and myriads of foxes, but  
had not the remotest fear of attack  
until as he neared the edge of the woods  
he was startled by pitiful cries from  
his dog under the wagon. He stopped  
his horse and jumped to the ground,  
gun in hand, to see what was the mat-  
ter, and was surprised to find himself  
surrounded by wolves. Throwing his  
gun hastily to his shoulder, he fired into  
the pack, killing what he took to be the  
leader, but instead of being frightened  
away as he had hoped, they rushed at  
and devoured their dead leader and then  
began to crowd closer around the wagon  
in ever-increasing numbers.

The dog's courage deserted him, and  
he started toward the open with part  
of the pack after him. Various fired right  
and left rapidly, but the hungry crea-  
tures crowded closer around him.  
They leaped into the wagon and de-  
voured the game, and then rushed at  
and leaped at his throat. Before Valois  
could climb back into the wagon the  
horse started at full speed and the hun-  
ter was left with a score of hungry  
wolves around him in as ugly a predicament  
as one could imagine. He had  
only eight shells left in his belt, and  
the barking, snarling pack around him  
there in the stunted timber nearly un-  
manned him.

The first impulse was to seek safety  
in a tree, but he soon discovered that  
though the pack made a fearful racket  
and would occasionally rush toward  
him, they lacked the ferocious courage  
of the great timber wolves. He used his  
light shells carefully and judiciously,  
scarcely slowly working himself out  
of the woods. After about an hour's  
fighting he got well away from the  
whole pack and started on foot for Syl-  
vania, the nearest railroad station.  
There he got a freight train about mid-  
night and arrived safely at home before  
morning, where he found his horse  
awaiting him considerably the worse for  
his trip home. The dog has not yet put  
in an appearance.

Mr. Valois will not soon be caught  
again alone at night in the Oak Open-  
ings, even if they are within about a  
dozen miles of the corporation line of a  
city of 80,000 people, the fourth in size  
in Ohio.

A good illustration of the change in  
the purchasing power of money is given  
by the following entry in the public  
record office of London: "June 26,  
1690, License to Peregrine Bertie,  
youngest son of Lord Willoughby, of  
Eresby, to travel for three years with  
his tutor, two servants and two horses  
and sixty pounds in money." Now-  
days a young gentleman with such a  
retinue would hardly be able to travel  
thirty days instead of three years on  
three hundred dollars in money.

## Kansas and Greenland Houses.

The sod houses on the Kansas frontier  
and the dwelling of a Greenland Eski-  
mo are very much alike, about the only  
difference being an overground bur-  
row in the house of the Eskimo. All  
Greenland houses are of the same size,  
face the same way, and are built of the  
same material—layers of rough granite,  
sod, and mortar.

## AN ENTIRE DINNER LESSON.

The Appetizing Bill of Fare Presented on  
a Recent Occasion.

A woman in London has a class of  
one hundred cooks, and she gives what  
she calls "an entire dinner lesson."  
While the lesson is in progress the  
swell women come in and look  
on. The menu on a recent oc-  
casion began with a hors d'oeuvre,  
anchovy a la Colmar, which looked very  
tempting, the little fish being curled  
around upon croutons of fried bread,  
garnished with crayfish cream and  
white and yolk of egg. The consommé  
a la Leopard was certainly the prettiest  
soup I ever saw, says a writer in the  
New York World, with little circles of  
red, yellow and white floating in its  
clearness. These were made of eggs  
and cream and stamped-out French  
gherkin. Next came filets of salmon a  
la comodore, a delicious-looking dish,  
garnished with crayfish, butter, mush-  
rooms and shredded gherkins. The hot  
entree was "petite poulet a la St.  
George," and the cold, "mauvettes a la  
Sotterville," both of very elaborate and  
detailed preparation. The relve was  
fowl with Bechamel sauce, accom-  
panied by tomatoes stuffed with a puree  
of potato seasoned with Parmesan  
cheese. The sorbet, flavored with  
Liquor Sunahine rum, was served in  
ice-water cups of white crystallized  
glass, the faintest little glass you can  
imagine, especially when filled with  
the pink sorbet. After this came a  
brace of woodcock, and then a lobster  
salad wonderfully garnished and served  
with Mayonnaise sauce. A delicious-  
looking vegetable entree was made of  
asparagus and artichoke bottoms. The  
two sweets were creams served with  
chocolate custard and banana sauce,  
and "petites caisses a la Sultan," com-  
posed of whipped cream, oranges and  
planchito garnished with a sort of sub-  
limated toffee. The savory "huitres a  
la bonne bouche" would make a capital  
supper-dish. The oysters are served on  
thin rounds of fried bread, allowed to  
grow cold, then mashed with a puree  
made of chicken, anchovy, oysters and  
crayfish cream. On each round is  
placed a slender slice of lemon and then  
an oyster.

## TIME'S REVENGES.

The Fate of Gen. Miguel Lopez, Who Re-  
trayed the Emperor Maximilian.

It is now fully a quarter of a century  
since a merciful dispensation of Provi-  
dence so clouded the Empress Carlotta's  
mind that she was spared a single pang  
of grief when her royal husband was  
slaughtered in Mexico.

For nearly a generation, says the At-  
lanta Constitution, the widow of the  
unfortunate Maximilian has remained  
in ignorance of his fate. But slowly,  
and by almost imperceptible degrees, her  
mind has become clarified, and she is  
once more in the enjoyment of her fac-  
ulties. Looking backward through the  
long years of darkness, that sad Mexi-  
can business in which she played the  
part of a heroine seems to her nearly a  
dream. It is well that it is so. Car-  
lotta is not an old woman. She is hard-  
ly forty-five, and something in her  
future may yet compensate her for her  
bitter past.

But the same day that her recovery  
was announced also brought the intelli-  
gence that Gen. Miguel Lopez had been  
bitten by a mad dog and was under the  
Pasteur treatment.

This Lopez was the trusted officer  
who betrayed Maximilian to his blood-  
thirsty enemies—the wretch whose evil  
work caused Carlotta's insanity. After  
living all these long years, despised by  
even his own countrymen, and scorned  
by his wife for his treason, he has, per-  
haps, met his doom.

What fate would be more fitting for  
this false friend, who sold his benefac-  
tor? It is hard to believe that he will  
be cured. He will snap and snarl and  
foam at the mouth like a rabid hound.  
He will rave in his paroxysms of  
maniacal frenzy. He will tear his flesh  
in his mad convulsions and die like a  
wild beast.

Time brings its revenges. As the  
traitor Lopez sinks out of sight in the  
lurid shadows now descending upon  
him, his victim Carlotta comes once  
more into the light of day, serenely  
beautiful, once more herself, the most  
charming woman that has worn a  
crown since Eugene in her happiest  
days. Dissolving views—lights and  
shadows—they make up life.

## BITS FROM SOCIETY.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER has taken  
a villa at Florence, Italy, for the season.  
Circus parties have been abandoned  
in England owing to the scarcity of  
snowshoes.

A GAME called "progressive potato  
picking" is all the rage in North Platte  
(Neb.) social circles.

"KEEPING UP APPEARANCES" is defined  
by one authority upon modern manners  
to mean "a frugal diet in order to give  
an occasional dinner party."

By way of diversion a distinguished  
hostess of London give a dinner to a  
number of bachelors, with ladies  
dressed as maid servants to wait on  
them. Another dinner is expected  
soon, the women to dine and be waited  
on by gentlemen attired as footmen.

The Countess Lily Newenham, for-  
merly Miss Wilson, of New York, is one  
of the most feted belles in Stockholm  
this season. At a ball given by the  
minister of foreign affairs she had the  
honor, that is to say, Prince Eugene, of  
Sweden, had the honor of dancing with  
her.

## FACTS FOR THE FARMERS.

The farmer's gain is participated in  
by the whole community.

Corn is an exceedingly rich in pot-  
ash. Save them, burn them and care-  
fully collect the ashes therefrom.

Insect powder is too expensive for  
general use on the farm, but it will pay  
to use it on flowers and in the green-  
house.

Some clay lands are so stiff that the  
water cannot go down. Such lands are  
benefited by deep plowing, subsoiling  
and tile drainage.

The well may contain water as clear  
as crystal and yet it needs cleaning  
often than is done on many farms.  
Disinfect sometimes comes from the drink-  
ing water.

Grass for hay should not be grown in  
the apple orchard, as it not only robs  
the soil of the fertility required for the  
fruit, but of moisture, which is of even  
more consequence.

It depends a good deal on the soil  
whether culture should be level or not.  
On bottom lands where water has a  
tendency to stand after storms, ridge or  
hill culture will be best.

For mealy bugs on plants use first-  
class oil, which may be obtained of any  
druggist. A teaspoonful to a gallon of  
water is the right proportion. It is ap-  
plied with a syringe and with consider-  
able force.

The good suggestion is made that  
the owner's name should be on all im-  
plements and tools. A branding-iron,  
by means of which the name can be  
burnt into the wood, is not expen-  
sive, and makes the impression per-  
manent.

This way to insure a quick and  
healthy growth of timber, according to  
the Nebraska Farmer, is to mulch  
around the trees with straw, old hay,  
or trash of any kind. Such treatment  
will, it says, in the course of ten years  
secure a growth of timber from one  
tree greater than that of half a dozen  
of its kind left to their own resources.

## FOREIGN FLASHES.

About seven hundred and fifty couples  
are divorced annually in Berlin.

LAND values in Berlin have increased  
sixty-five per cent. in the last ten years.  
This fund of \$2,500,000 which Mr. Pas-  
body left for the poor of London now  
amounts to over \$3,000,000.

Thorns are dying out in India. Sir  
Samuel Baker, during a recent expedi-  
tion in the central provinces, only killed  
six.

It is stated that Chinese high of-  
ficials have been instructed to travel  
henceforth in gunboat, on account of  
the frequent disasters to merchant  
steamers.

On account of the new French bet-  
ting law the Colombes meeting, at  
which prizes of 15,000 francs were  
given, showed gate receipts of 8,000  
francs only.

It is the custom in Lima, Peru, to  
keep animals on the roofs of houses. A  
cat makes its first appearance on the  
roof, and never descends until it comes  
down as beef.

At Munich there is a hospital which  
is entirely supported by the sale of old  
steel pen nibs, collected from all parts  
of Germany. They are made into watch  
springs, knives and razors.

Prussia's society for the homeless  
sheltered last year 103,000 men and 15-  
300 women. Since 1870 the society has  
assisted, with lodgings, baths, break-  
fasts and medicinal care, 2,300,000 per-  
sons.

The new court dress to be worn in  
Berlin consists of a light blue coat with  
red trimming and elaborate silver em-  
broidery. This garment will be worn  
hereafter by all members of the high  
aristocracy holding hereditary court of-  
fices.

## BESIDE THE HEARTHSTONE.

ALUM will settle riled water.

CANDLES that have been frozen never  
drip.

DRAIN pipes may be cleaned by car-  
bolic acid.

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## LOWEST RATES.

